

EXTRACTS.

LISTENING.

BY HARRIETT PRESCOTT STURGEON.
Her white hand dashes on the string,
Sweeping a swift and silvery cheer!
And wild and strong the great harp rings
Its strong of thriling tones abroad;
Music and moonlight make a bloom
Throughout the rich and sombre room.
Oh! sweet the long and silvery swell,
And sweet still the lingering flow,
Delicious as remembrance tells;
Dying in distance long ago.
When evening winds from heaven were blown,
And the earth yearned for things unknown.
Across the leafy window place
Pease scale the stately sapphire deep;
One satry star on outer space
His quiescent lamp like half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Where the heavy roses blow.
And on theainless atmosphere
What all the fragrances of June;
The summer night is hushed to hear
The passion of the quiet time.
Then why these sudden tears that start?
And why this pierced and aching heart?
Ah, listen! We and all our pain
Are mortal, and divine the song!
Holy our loquax heart, we gain
Life's quietest, health and all along.
Seeks in the hours its stony mark,
And we fall backward on the dark!

A LADY WITH A REVOLVER.
A lady was crossing the plain some years ago, in a wagon train. The Indians attacked the party. The horses of the wagons were in happened to be particularly strong, so she managed to escape from the general massacre, which ensued, with her baby in her arms. A servant with her, and the driver, were the only ones who got away, the whole of the rest of the party being killed. The Indians pursued not. The driver at last, thinking escape impossible, was about to cut the horses loose and save himself by riding one of them off. She, however, drew her revolver which he had at his head, telling him he would shoot him dead if he did not drive for her. They sat, with the baby clasped in one hand, the revolver in the other, and the arrows whistling around. At last the Indians stopped to pick up some things which had fallen out of the wagon, and she was saved. In her agony of terror she had squeezed the baby to death, and had to drive for three days and nights with the dead child in her arms, expecting another attack every moment. Till Denver was reached, where her husband awaited her. —*From Winter in the Rocky Mountains.*

WONDERFUL SPIDERS.

Livingstone was once bitten, when half asleep, by a light-coloured spider. Feeling something running across his forehead, he put up his hand to wipe it off when he was sharply stung on the hand and head, and the pain was very acute; but it ceased after two hours. The natives declare that there is a small black spider in the country whose bite is fatal, but the great traveller did not make any instance in which death could be traced to this insect, though he saw a very large black, hairy spider, an inch and a quarter long, and three-quarters of an inch broad, which had a hook at the end of its front claws, similar to that at the end of the scorpion's tail. When these hooks were pressed, the poison was let out. These are spiders in South Africa which seize their prey by letting upon it from a distance of several inches. When alarmed, they spring upon a foot away from the object of their fear. A large roundish spider obtains its food in a different manner from either, by patiently waiting in ambush, or by attacking with a sudden rush. It runs about with great velocity, and behind and around every object, searching for what it may devour, and from its size and rapid motions excites the horror of every stranger. It does no harm to man except to make them nervous, and those that hate spiders very uncomfortable. This active little insect is very clever, as it imitates the mason-spider, and makes a nest in the earth, lined with beautiful soft silk, covered with a nicely-tight trap-door about the size of a shilling. When this is shut, it is so cleverly covered with a hard earth that it cannot be distinguished from the rest. —*Castell's World of Wonder.*

RUSSIAN LOVE.

Nicopolis was a small town in the south-east of Russia, where the Caucasian blood mixes with the Russian, and produces very many remarkably fine specimens of female beauty. Among the most beautiful of the beauties of Nicopolis was Ulyana, the only daughter of a wealthy landowner. Her father was in the habit every year at harvest-time to add to his force by engaging "people from Russia," as they say, meaning people from the interior, who at this season of the year seek remunerative labour in the more cultivated and weathered districts of the South.

One of these people, Filylevitch, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, attracted especial attention. He seemed completely different with regard to his gait, and was always in the heat of spirits. Ulyana soon became a willing listener when he was praised, and Filylevitch, who was not insensible to the charms of female beauty, soon evinced a marked partiality for her society. It was not long ere the liking for each other ripened into an affair of the heart, and became the subject of general remark. Nor did the young people a tump to conquer what they felt for each other, and Filylevitch went boldly to the father of his lady-love, so as to beg for his blessing. But the father promptly refused: he was not going to give his daughter to a strutting labourer, — said, and all Ulyana's toads and pretenders were of no avail; her father was inflexible, and, in order to put other thoughts in her head, he compelled her to a bathoth with a wealthy townsmen. The bathoth was celebrated with great pomp. All were merry but Ulyana; her thoughts were with Filylevitch, who gave her good cause of uneasiness. He had ceased to work, and now spent his time in either one pot-house or another. He drank to assuage his grief, but not long. He soon took an aversion to the taste of a rare thing for a Russian to do, and then drink did not lessen his grief. He therefore forewore the pot-houses, and determined to go far away, where, concealed and forgotten, he could end his unhappy life. In the romantic frame of mind he bought himself of Siberia, and determined to take the necessary steps to get there as soon as possible. With this object in view, he one evening soon after dark went to the principal bazaar of the town and tried one door after another till he found one he could force. He entered the well-filled shop, took what money he found in the till, and looked about to see if no one came. Then he made a bundle of some of the goods, and again looked about to see if no one came to arrest the burglar. As he was still unobserved, he made a bright light in the shop. This was soon seen, and people came and seized the supposed robber. On his trial, he simply declared that owing to his disappointment in love, he wanted to be sent to Siberia; that this, and this only, was his object in breaking into the shop. The juries were unanimous in rendering a verdict of acquittal, which was received by loud exclamations on the part of the spectators.

The farmer was now compelled to relent. He broke off the engagement of his wealthy neighbour, and consented to her union with the romantic Filylevitch. —*From the Russian.*

MARY'S MARRIAGE WITH BOTH-
WELL.

In the description of the marriage and the scenes that follow, Mr. Swinburne allows himself a poetic liberty which no one can grudge him. He becomes indeed a stern moralist than even history warrants. From the moment that the purpose of this defiance of the laws of God and man is attained, the retribution begins. She is wed in her old mourning habits, "and her face as deadly as were they," and for him, —

When the bishop made indeed
His large hard hand with her so foully fat;

He seemed 'twere for pride and mighty heart
To swell and shine with passion, and his eye

To take into the eye all those things that might
Bite out of days, to burn them up

With its great heat of triumph; and the hand
Festooning on her so gript that her lips

Trembled and turned to catch the snuff from his

As though the spirit of his life off

As though of his property of pain

To take with his, but the twain could

Was truer than a fish or gnat that strikes

And is not; for the next word was not said

Her face went again with winter's life

As though the spirit of the same

As words from dead and wily wrong

By craft of wizards, forged and forced breath

Which hangs on the last tooth.

And when Herries asks whether this may not have been done for show, to induce the belief that the marriage was imposed by force, Melville replies, —

No, 'tis truth;

She is heart-broken, lady, and labours with herself

As one that loves and fears, but that the man

Who makes all men's lives may make

Of women's love a man's life?

New bonds on her, fears that sleep not

To see on earth all pit-y to death

By her own hand, and no man's force, tried.

If his be more for wife, than sets them in

And fain doth, against his, them in their hands.

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